

THE DAILY BULLETIN SUPPLEMENT

HONOLULU, H. I., SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883.

TROUBADOUR.

With a jaunty cloak and swagger, and
a jeweled dagger,
And a lace across his shoulder, by a
ribbon—blue at that!
And his breeches, never bigger than
would show his shapely figure,
And a fascinating feather in his funny
little hat:
Not fat and roly-poly, like that parody
Brigoli—
Singing sentiments affected to a merci-
nary tune—
But a poet, young and slender, he would
charm the tender gender,
As he sighed his soul, in music, at the
maiden or the moon.
He would rove the land and ocean, on a
fancy, whim or notion:
He would sing the tender rondeau, he
would tell the merry tale;
He would thrill the fierce Crusader, he
would turn a screamer;
He would banquet in the castle, he
would billet in the gaol.
And the Queens and noble maidens doted
on his serenades,
And they dropped the smile or ribbon,
And the gloves or lock of hair,
Or, in lieu of rope or stringlets, loosed
their long and silken ringlets,
And the Minstrels, bold and loving,
climbed them as you might a stair.
Thus, he poached on others' manors, and
he fought for others' banners,
And he dined at others' tables, and he
droned in others' lives,
And he "lived" others' journeys, and he
rhymed off others' tourneys,
And he emptied others' flagons, and
he dirtied others' wives.
So he wandered forth, a-warring, and a-
rhyming and guttaring,
And in attitudes artistic, tinkled lum-
te-tumty airs,
And the ladies all adored him, and the
gallants aped and bored him,
And his tunes were legal-tender for his
lodging everywhere.
Thus, a-humming, a-strumming and a-
wooling and a-cooing,
Dealing ditties by the dozen, making
sonnets by the score,
While the glamour of the amour hid the
stammer of his grammar—
Ah! so gay, and free, and happy was
the merry Troubadour!

LONDON GOSSIP.

(BY FLAUNEL.)

Special for the Daily Bulletin.

The booty burglars have hitherto
been in the habit of carrying off has
consisted more or less of the con-
tents of the houses they have
deigned to honor with a nocturnal
visit. A case which recently oc-
curred in France shows that they are
no longer to be depended upon to
pursue their operations within such
narrow limits. A Paris merchant
had erected a Swiss cottage at
Gennevilliers, and with his family
had passed most of the summer
there. Two or three weeks ago he
removed into his winter quarters
again in the French capital, securely
locking up his country retreat. On
the 1st instant, the weather being
fine, he drove out with his family to
spend the day at Gennevilliers, when,
to his no small astonishment, he
found, on arriving at his little
estate, that the entire house, with
the whole of its contents, had dis-
appeared. The place where his
Swiss cottage had been erected
stood perfectly clear. Everything
had been carried off by thieves, of
whom not a trace has since been
found.

The atrocious crime perpetrated in
Austria about three years ago by
Henri de Tourville, will be fresh in
the recollection of some of your
readers. This French adventurer,
shortly after marrying an English
lady of property, took her for a trip
on the Continent, and murdered her
in the most heartless manner by
pushing her over a precipice in the
mountains of the Tyrol. He was
tried at Botzen, found guilty, and
sentenced to eighteen years im-
prisonment with hard labor. In Eng-
land he would have been hanged, in
America lynched. Since his con-
demnation the convict has been do-
ing his hard labor at Gradisca. Last
week he was removed thence to
Graz. The poor fellow's health has
been so delicate and his conduct so
exemplary, that he has been excused
all hard labor for the rest of his
term of imprisonment. He is now
employed at the tedious and de-
grading work of compositor in the
printing department of the Graz pri-
son. It is stated in some of the
Austrian papers that he will prob-
ably be liberated long before his full
term has expired and will then come
to England to claim the property left
by his wife. Of course I sincerely
hope he may get it.

Among the distinguished foreign-
ers just arrived in the French capi-
tal is "the richest man in all Mex-
ico." He is said to be of Irish
origin, and to rejoice in the name of
Don Patricio Milne. He has been
captured by brigands several times,

and had to pay millions for his ran-
som. In fact, owing to his immense
wealth, so unsafe is he in his own
country that he has been forced to
turn his *chateau* into a fortress, and
to have a body guard. Will not this
Mexican millionaire require similar
protection in the capital of civiliza-
tion and—*demimondainerie?*

Switzerland has neither gold nor
copper currency. The circulating
media hitherto in force there are
silver and nickel coins. This state
of things is about to be changed,
and in the Federal Budget for 1883,
the Minister of Finance proposes to
issue 250,000 gold pieces of 20
francs value each. These will be
the first gold coins which have been
struck in Switzerland.

The Geographical Society of Ham-
burg has decided to send a new
expedition to Eastern Africa, per-
sonally conducted by Dr. Fischer,
who was one of Denhardt's compan-
ions in 1879. Dr. Fischer, who has
remained at Zanzibar, has requested
the Geographical Society for means
to cross the snowy range, and pen-
etrate into the country of the Gallas,
to the north. The Society taking
into consideration the advantage
that this expedition may confer on
the commerce of Hamburg, has sub-
scribed for this object 16,000 marks.

Chimney sweepers are in most
civilized countries a singular people,
a sort of race apart from the ordi-
nary run of mankind. But of all
chimney-sweepers in the world, the
most extraordinary, if we may trust
Le Nivernais, are to be found in a
certain part of France. That en-
lightened organ of public opinion, in
its last number, says:—"A shocking
accident has sent a shudder through
the breast of every inhabitant of our
town. The chimney-sweep, M.
Gitrin, yesterday fell from a roof
and received terrible injuries in the
head. It is feared that amputation
will be necessary."

THE CITY OF TELEPHONES.

Sixteen young ladies in cool
morning costume sat in a line in a
Fourth-street office yesterday after-
noon. They were all talking in
monosyllables to 16 other people in
various parts of the city. A young
man sitting at a desk in the rear of
the line held a microphone to his
year, and heard what each of the 32
persons said. It was a strange chorus
of voices, and yet the young man
did not appear to get tired, for he
had held the instrument to his ear
for many hours, and would do so for
hours to come. The young ladies
were the people who answer "Hello!"
to you when you go to the telephone.
They sit in the Central Exchange,
on Fourth and Walnut streets, and
answer the requests of 582 subscrib-
ers. Each lady has so many subscrib-
ers to attend to, and from early in the
morning until 6 o'clock at night she
listens to the requests of the people
at the wires and answers them. There
is no time for reading or loafing.
The microphone is so adjusted that
she can hear all that is said without
trouble, and there are few minutes
in the day when it is not talking. A
messenger boy walks up and down
behind the line of young ladies, and
when one of them receives a call
from the telephone a little check is
made out, and this is given the mes-
senger, who carries it off to a clerk,
who thus keeps a constant record of
all that is going on outside. The
office, on Fourth and Walnut, is
never closed. The lights in its win-
dows are bright until the sunlight in
the morning makes gas unnecessary.
There are eight other exchanges in
the city, namely, on Front-street,
Freeman, Elm, Broadway, the Pub-
lic Landing, Brighton, Covington,
and Ninth-street.

Each exchange has direct connec-
tion with all the others. They are
also connected with Richmond, Law-
renceburg, and Aurora, Ind., and
Hamilton and Eaton, Ohio. Next
week a wire will be begun to connect
direct with Dayton, Ohio. The
Cincinnati City and Suburban Tele-
graph Association has the reputation
in other cities of giving the best
service and being the most efficient
of any in the country. It has in use
nearly 2,000 wires, and employs
over 100 operators, to say nothing of
its various other employees, such as
clerks and electricians. Capt. George
N. Stone, General Manager of the
association, said yesterday to a
Commercial reporter that the tele-
phone business has been an experi-
ment with this company, as it has
with all others. It took a good deal
of time to perfect the arrangements,
and they are only now getting their
arrangements in the shape they would
like to have them.

"At first," said Mr. Stone, "we
put as many as 17 subscribers on
one circuit or wire. We charged
these \$3 per month. This was in the
early stages of telephony, and there
was no microphone. It was difficult
to hear well at best and there was so
little use for the telephone then that
it looked as though one wire would
accommodate any number of sub-
scribers. These things soon began
to change. The desire for telephones
seemed to grow with what it fed on.
Each month compelled us to reduce
the number of subscribers to the
wire. From 17 we came down to five,
and increased the rate to \$1 per
month for each subscriber within a
half-mile of the exchange. We were
compelled to build new wires all the
time, and for each half-mile of dis-
tance we charged \$1 extra. We
found soon that people living several
miles from the exchange could not
afford the price. About this time
the transmitter came into use. Now
let me tell you something about this
transmitter and microphone. The
early Edison telephone did not have
them. They were invented by Bell.
It was a question for some time
whether they would be successful.
The National Bell Telephone Com-
pany was organized, and the stock
ranged down at something like 15
cents on the dollar. Suddenly Mr.
Bell, who had been hard at work in
his laboratory, completed his inven-
tion. From a slight improvement
the Bell telephone became a decided
success. Stock doubled and then
quadrupled. Men who had gone to
bed with a few hundred shares of
stock worth little or nothing woke up
to find themselves rich. Mr. Bell
had his patents complete. His in-
strument ran everything out of the
market, and of course he had the
business in his own hands. He
determined to place a royalty of \$10
on every transmitter and \$10 on
every microphone, and, of course,
he got it. The result is that we pay
\$20 a year royalty on every telephone
in use. This little thing you talk
through and the instrument you hear
from you can't buy for love or
money. Twenty dollars a year rents
them, and if we break one we pay
\$25 to replace it. Of course, this
put prices up. We put in special
wires for one subscriber with tele-
phone and transmitter at \$6 per
month to any point within a radius
of one-half mile from the Central
Exchange, and \$1 for every addition-
al half-mile."

"How did that plan work?"
"Very well. All our business
men availed themselves of the special
wire, but the \$1 for additional dis-
tance we still found did not do so
well. We therefor concluded to
equalize the rates, and at present we
furnish a business subscriber with a
special wire, telephone, and trans-
mitter anywhere in the city of Cin-
cinnati, Covington, Newport, Clifton,
or Avondale for \$8 33 per month,
and residences in the same limits
with special wire at \$6 per month,
or three subscribers on one wire at
\$1 16 per month. The equalization
increased no subscriber more than
\$2 33 per month, and decreased
many from \$1 to \$10 per month."

"How do these prices compare
with other cities?"

"Well, for special wires to busi-
ness houses, for one-half mile or
five miles, in Cincinnati, the rate is
\$100 per year. In Chicago the price
is \$125 per year up to one mile, then
in goes to \$150 for one and a quarter
miles, \$175 for one and a half miles,
\$325 for three miles. New-York
City is \$150 per annum for one mile,
\$186 for a mile and a quarter,
and \$222 for anything over two miles.
Pittsburg and New-Orleans are
cheaper than Cincinnati for one-half
mile, being \$84 and \$75, respecti-
vely. For one mile Pittsburg is
\$120, and New-Orleans \$100, and
they both increase—New-Orleans to
\$200 and Pittsburg to \$250—for
three miles."

It will be seen from Capt. Stone's
figures that Cincinnati is supplied at
exceedingly cheap rates, and it only
takes a little experience in other
cities to make Cincinnati more
than contented with the service.—
Cincinnati Commercial.

Hundreds of thousands of men die
annually from strong drink.—*Kansas
Prohibitionist.* We never under-
take to criticize any other editor, but
we do not believe that any man can
die annually. Annually means every
year, and no man can die every year
for any great length of time, unless
he has had a great deal of practice
and experience in the business.—*Tec.
Sift.*

GOING TO KEEPING HOUSE.

Two solid citizens were in a store
talking over the news, when one of
them spoke of a young fellow who
was married recently, and had gone
to keeping house, and the other one
said:

"Yes, I was up to his house last
week, and looked over the lay out.
He has got everything just as nice
as can be, and ought to be happy,
with such a nice little wife. When
I saw the furniture, the carpets, and
everything just as complete as possi-
ble, I compared the scene in my
mind, with the one of twenty years
ago, when my wife and I went to
keeping house. I rented a little one
story house, with three small rooms.
My wife had a feather bed and some
sheets and comfortables, and I
bought a basswood bedstead—one of
these kind where the slats come
down the first night, and keep com-
ing down. I got a straw tick filled
with hay, and after the slats came
down we slept on the floor. It was
in December, and I pledge you my
word the frost was half an inch thick
by the cracks in the floor, and when
I got up in the morning to build a
fire I just melted frost all over the
floor with my feet."

Didn't you and your wife catch
cold?" asked the other man.

"Catch nothing? Why, we were
too healthy to catch cold. Honest,
the room was actually too warm.
The stove was the smallest cook
stove you ever saw, and when you
got a fire built you had to stand and
feed it just as you would a baby. I
remember my father came to visit
me soon after, and how he laughed
when I brought in a 'chunk' to keep
up a fire all night. The 'chunk' was
about as big as your arm. That
first morning you ought to have seen
us get breakfast. My wife was a
little nervous about getting up and
dressing before me. You see she
had never been married any, and it
came on her sudden. So I went into
the pantry and broke the ice on the
pancake batter that she had fixed the
night before, and filled the little tea
kettle, and stubbed around there
barefooted on the frost and gave her
a show, and she jumped into a few
things, and when I came out by the
stove she was sitting on a soap box
with her feet in the oven looking
things over. To tell the truth about
it, she looked a little bit discouraged.
Well, you see, she went agin' her
folks wishes a marrying me, and she
might have had the son of a man
who kept a store—the one who bust-
ed there where we lived about nine-
teen years ago, and beat everybody
who lent him money. You remem-
ber him, Jim. His boy got to
gambling and they haven't heard
from him since he went to Arkansas.
Gosh! Just think of it. Suppose
my wife had married him, she
wouldn't have had no such house as
she has got now, and all the money
she wanted. Well, we snuggled
around the stove, and pretty soon
the tea kettle began to boil, and my
wife put on her shoes, and broke the
ice in the tin wash basin and washed
her hands and face, and as the sau-
sage began to fry she began to look
good natured, and didn't seem half
so disgusted with marrying, and
then the coffee began to smell sort
of sociable, and the potatoes that I
peeled got so we could run a fork in
them and then she put on the pan-
cakes, and we sat down to the table.
She sat right by the stove where she
could turn the pancakes without get-
ting up, and we eat and laughed,
and I tell you I never had a meal
taste so good in my life. I have
eaten at Delmonico's, and in Paris
Cafes, since, and have had every-
thing that a white man ever eat, but
I never had a meal taste as good as
that first breakfast did, when the
little woman sat there by the stove
and turned them buckwheat pan-
cakes. Say, Jim, when you look at
my wife riding around in her ear-
riage, with her diamonds, and seal
skin, and everything she wants,
looking kind of toney, you wouldn't
think she ever knew how to turn
pancakes and fry sasses, would
you? Well she can beat 'em all. I
wouldn't have you tell her, but she
can wrestle an obstinate pancake,
that wants to double up and run all
over the griddle, and fetch it out
browned on both sides, looking as
though it was run in a mould. Some-
days the servant girls, and cooks,
got tantrums, and the stuff don't
come on the table just right, and
pretty soon I see her eyes begin to
look the way they did when she had
her feet in the oven that morning,
and then she gets up and goes to
the kitchen, without a word, and

makes them girls come to taw, and
don't you forget it. She has had a
good deal of sickness, Jim, and has
lost children, and she ain't so pretty
as she was when the bed slats fell
down that night, but she's a daisy,
and I guess she don't regret that she
told the old folks she guessed she
knew her business, when she married
me. The old man thought I was a
dam fool, but when I bought him a
ten thousand dollar farm and stock-
ed it for him, and hired a man to do
the work, and all he had to do was
to ride around and boss it, he
changed his mind, and one day he
admitted that he was the fool, and
that I took the whole cake, bakery
and all. Well, after that almighty
cold morning, I traded a single
barrel shot gun for a rag carpet, and
sawed wood for a store keeper and
got a rocking chair for the little
woman, and we worried along for a
few years pretty poor, Jim, but after
while I struck my gait, and we
have been making money hand over
fist for several years, and don't care
now whether school keeps or not.
I hope our young friend, who has
just gone to keeping house, will
always be as happy as he is now,
but, do you know, I believe it is
best to commence down to the bot-
tom of the ladder and work up. It
is hard to get up, but it is mighty
sight harder if you have to go down
after you have started away up. It
strikes me, when I was up to the
young fellow's house, I noticed his
wife had on her face about the same
sort of an expression my wife had,
twenty years ago, when she had her
feet in the oven. I shall never for-
get that expression as long as I live,
because it was new to me. Well, I
guess it was new to her, too. I
hope the new bride hasn't had the
bed-slats fall down, or anything.
Falling of the bed slats is one of the
worst things in the world to take the
conceit out of anybody, when they
first get married. Well, I must go.
Sh! There comes my wife now. Say,
if you ever tell her that I have been
giving her away on that pancake
racket, you die. Ah, sis, so you
come down town this morning, eh?
Want a hundred dollars to buy
things for the poor, eh. O, go way.
Well, here, take it, and here's an
extra fifty, cause you may run on to
some poor folks that you didn't
expect to find. Now go long. No
thanks. You helped earn it you lit-
tle rascal. Don't you remember
that first breakfast, when we began
keeping house, and the pancakes,
and the bedslats! I have just been
telling old Jim about it. Egad, Jim,
did you see how she looked at me
when she went out? She will be tel-
ling your wife how I tried to milk a
cow with a lemon squeezer, some
day. Well, let's go down on
change," and the two old fellows
went off happy as though they were
twenty instead of forty years old.

BEATING TWO-FORTY.

A convict in the Indiana peniten-
tiary hit the nail on the head when
asked how his downward course
began. He said it began in trying
to beat 2:40 with a three minute
horse. How many people in all
branches of business are trying to
beat two-forty with a three minute
business? The man who has a small
business that is paying him, and goes
into debt and tries to spread himself
over too many eggs, is trying to
beat two-forty with a three-minute
horse. The young man who gets a
small salary and spends more money
for ice cream and perfumery and
neckties than he earns, is trying to
beat two-forty with a three minute
horse. The girl who is calculated by
nature to be the wife of a mechanic,
and gets above her business, and
looks with scorn upon a man who
earns his living by hard work, will
look at an old maid in the glass a
few years from now, and realize
that she has been trying to beat
two-forty with a three minute horse.
The ordinary, every day sort of a
man, who is elected to a small office,
by a big majority, on account of
men voting for him for charity, and
who thereupon, aspires to a big
office for which he is unfitted, will
be nominated for the big office some
day, and be beaten higher than a
kite, and he will then feel of his
aching head, examine his empty
pocketbook, look around at the debts
he has contracted, and the enemies
he has made, and it will suddenly
come to him that he has been trying
to beat two-forty with a three minute
horse. The man or woman who
leaves a profession or employment to
which they are fitted, and in which
they can be prosperous and happy,